

Training

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Training

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Summary

Dream and George goes out to practice combat, but things go wrong in a good way.

Enjoy.

George and Dream decided to practice their combat in a grass plains they spotted nearby. The two had planned this all last minute but was definitely worth the decision.

Sapnap laughed and called it a 'date,' in which the other two would defend that it was in fact not. They're just two friends going out and practice their skills, no big deal.

And sure, they wanted to be alone together refusing to invite anyone else and bringing a picnic basket in the process, but friends do that. George and Dream both agreed to eat before the fight so a picnic wasn't a bad a idea.

When they finished the neatly made sandwiches they made earlier, they laid down onto the grass and made shapes out of the clouds in the sunny sky.

They rested for a long while to give the food time to digest, of course. Not because they wanted to talk about their life stories and joke around as they point up at the sky exclaiming that some cloud is shaped like a dick while the other laughed.

George pillowed the back of his head using his arms while Dream copied the action, both laying

side by side on the warm grass.

Sometimes Dream would glance at George ever so often just to see the soft smile that was stuck on the brits face. For a while they stayed in the moment, together.

Then George cleared his throat and propped himself up onto his elbows, "Guess I should teach you how to fight, sense I'm better at it and all."

Dream could see George's playful smirk as he in fact mirrored the smile while turning his body toward him, "Oh? Is that so?"

"Yeah, and I've heard that I'm a pretty good teacher. So you're gonna have to pay me six emeralds an hour."

"What? You can't go any lower?" Dream couldn't hold back his chuckle as he played along.

George's smile grew wider, "Nope, final offer. Take it or leave it."

Dream did a dramatic sigh, "Ok, but you drive a hard bargain."

George chuckled as Dream watched him with a dopey grin hidden beneath his mask.

"Come on then, no time to be wasting anymore daylight," Dream said, getting up and dusting off his pants before holding out a hand for George to take.

The brunette grabbed onto his hand, and pulled him back down causing Dream to fall ontop of him.

Dream blushed heavily as George laughed underneath him, "You're already failing! You definitely need more training."

"Thank God you're my teacher then, huh?" Dream sighed, his face softening at George's smile.

The two stayed like that for a second longer, realizing the tension built up in the air before Dream stood up again and helped George to his feet. They dusted eachothers backs to get any dirt off before grabbing their axes and shields, ready for battle. They stood twenty feet apart circling around each other.

Dream swung his axe in a circle, "Best of five?"

George couldn't help but grin, "Good luck."

They remained circling each other, waiting for the other to strike. George bolted towards Dream's direction, swinging the axe in one motion hitting Dream's wooden shield. George tried to pull his axe out of the shield but it wouldn't budge.

"You look so dumb right now," Dream said giving an amused chuckle.

George stomped his foot onto Dream's shield, pushing the shield away as he pulled and freed his axe from the splintered wood. He scoffed, "Wow, I must be a mirror then."

Dream exaggerated his offended gasp, "How dare you George, my feelings."

Dream held onto his shirt where his chest was with the same hand holding his axe. George couldn't help but laugh at the sight.

The masked man took the chance to use the brits laughter as an distraction, sweeping the boys legs

from under him and watching him fall onto the ground landing on his ass.

Now it was Dream's turn to laugh, "One point for me, zero points for you."

George scrambled back onto his feet and held his axe in front of him.

"I let you have that win, sense you're the student and all," he excused.

"Yeah, uh-huh, ok."

After some time of Dream's countless winnings (23 wins), George got tired of falling over onto the grass. He groaned as he reminded himself of the bruises that will show up on his back side tomorrow. Dream tripped him, again, but caught George's arm before he could fall to the ground for the 24th time. Dream helped George gain his balance before letting go.

George groaned (again), "How are you so much better than me?"

Dream spun his axe skillfully with one hand, "Dunno, guess you're a good teacher." George can hear the smile in those words.

But knowing this would happen, George thought it was time for his back up plan.

"So what is it now? Best of fifty? The possibility of you clutching is low but... Where are you going?"

George ran off to fetch his secret weapon he stashed in the picnic basket. Dream tilted his head in question while George scurried back holding something behind him.

"Is that my prize? Aw, you shouldn't have," Dream grinned.

"Nope, something better. Can you close your eyes for me?"

"Alright," Dream said, following the order given to him. He heard a pop of a cork and George sipping a liquid of some sort.

Dream just had to laugh, "You really think a strength potion will help?"

George giggled, "You can open your eyes now." And Dream did just that, opening them up to see George gone. He quickly spun around to see nothing but fields of grass. After a moment of listening he heard footsteps approaching rapidly to his left. He held up his shield to block the incoming axe.

He can't see George but he can definitely hear him from a mile away.

"How did you block so fast?! Can you see me?"

Dream shook his head in amusement, "An invisible potion, really? I can hear your footsteps George."

The axe was pulled out of his shield as he heard George whine, "Not fair! Cover your ears."

The taller man snickered, "How is it not fair, you're literally invisible."

He heard George tip-toe away, attempting to sneak up behind. Dream turned his head towards George's footsteps and heard him squeak while backing away quickly.

"Hold on, let me take off my shoes," Dream heard in the distance.

"George- that's-" a wheeze, "That's not gonna help you."

"How would you know that?"

Dream jumped in slight surprise and spun towards George's voice that seemed to get closer.

Dream listened in to his surroundings, remaining on guard. He can hear a rock be thrown. George is trying to trick him.

A voice whispered way too close to his ear, "Dream~"

The masked man felt as if he jumped out of his skin, quickly spinning his axe around, missing his shot.

He can hear more snickering travel around him, "Did I scare you?"

Dream shook his head and furrowed his eyebrows to the intensity of the moment, "No, just... you just took me by suprise is all."

George hummed mischevously.

Dream turned and tried to follow George's light footsteps.

They stopped.

He took this opportunity to bolt towards the stopped footsteps, not realizing how close they were, collapsing on George in the progress. They both fell onto the grass once again, but this time Dream pinned George down by holding onto his shoulders.

Dream panted then smiled, "I win."

The invisible boy remained quiet underneath him, and he started to get worried.

"You there George? I didn't knock you out did I?"

"Oh- um, yeah I'm- I'm here," George stammered.

Dream got immediately anxious on George's sudden tone, lifting his weight off of the shorter boys shoulders, "I didn't hurt you did I?"

"Ah, well no but.. um-"

"What's wrong? Did I go too far?" Dream scooted his knees upwards not realizing something pressed up against one of them.

George gasped and quickly clutched onto Dream's hoodie.

They sat in awkward silence, Dream deciding to move his knee upwards again.

George moaned loudly this time.

At first Dream was confused, then felt a twitch on his knee that rubbed against George.

Was that..

Oh.

Dream quickly scuttered backwards, crawling away while his face immediately heats up, "O-oh I'm so sorry, I didn't- I didn't mean to- Uh-"

"It's o-ok, you're fine, you didn't know."

Dream wanted to disintegrate out of shame.

He wanted the world to open up beneath him and swallow him whole, never letting him out again.

If there was a window to jump out of, Dream would've done it already.

Silence lingered heavy in the air and Dream wanted to die right then and there.

What is he supposed to do now? He must've embarrassed George, and now George will never want to talk to him again.

"Well I uh..." George broke the silence.

Dream can hearing shuffling in the grass coming closer.

"I wouldn't really mind if you.. Well," Dream felt a hand on his thigh, "If you did it again."

Did he hear that correctly?

Dream blinked a few times, then felt another hand rub up against his inner thigh.

"Wait you- you want me to do what again?" Dream spluttered, not sure if any of this is really happening.

There was another pause.

After a long quiet moment, the hands on him started to feel uncertain, as they slowly attempted to slide off.

"I... Nevermind, I don't know what I was thinking," George's sudden expression changed and it made Dream's heart wrench in anxiety.

Dream quickly grabbed onto the hand that was holding his before it could disappear forever.

"I don't.." Dream hesitated, not sure where to look sense the boy remained invisible.

He looked down to the his hand that held George's, massaging it with his thumb reassuringly, "I would do it again, but uh.. I can't really see you."

A moment of silence again, before George responds, "Ah, I see... Well let me just.."

George left his sentence unfinished as he used his other hand to move off the mask just enough off of Dream's face to kiss him. Dream felt like his chest was going to explode as lips was electric against his. It took him a second before he kissed him back, time stood still before George pulled away.

"Woah," Dream exhaled.

George giggled, "Seems like you need me to teach you how to kiss as well."

"Hey! Well-" Dream got cut off by George's second kiss, immediately forgetting what he was going to say.

George reached under Dream's hoodie, feeling rough abs on his soft fingers. The taller man peeked down to see his shirt slowly lift up at an invisible force. George pulled back from Dream's lips once again making Dream whine at the lost contact.

Dream sat and waited for George to kiss him again. But the other boy ceased.

After a while of George's absence of kisses, Dream pondered what the man was thinking.

Dream opened his mouth to say something, but gasped loudly when he felt those soft lips kiss his tender neck. The brits surprises made Dream's cock twitch. He felt George scoot closer, resting his hard-on on Dream's thigh as the brunettes knee rubs against the masked mans cock. George pressed up against him, leaning closer to his ear letting his hot breath ghost over it.

"Dream~"

The taller man sighed as George rubbed his knee harder onto his cock.

He let his head fall back while his eyes fluttered shut, "George~"

"Dream?"

Dreams eyes snapped back open as he felt the invisible mans weight hastily lift off him. He quickly spun his head hard enough to give him whiplash to see the intruder.

"Sapnap?"

Sapnap was giving him a questioning look as he stood not too far away from Dream, "You good?"

Dream crossed his legs as an attempt to cover up his boner, "Y-yeah, just thinking out loud. What're you doing here?"

"Got bored so I wanted to check up on ya'll," Sapnap replied, walking over to Dream and sitting next to him.

"Where's George?"

Dream panicked, "He went to.. take a piss."

"Psh, can't even hold it in," Sapnap joked.

"Yeah, what a loser."

He felt a pinch on his arm, reaching over to slap George's hand but playing it off as if he's scratching an itch.

"So, have you told George yet?" Sapnap asked, twirling his finger in the grass.

Dream winced internally, not wanting to discuss about this while George is listening.

"Let's not talk about it," Dream dismissed.

Sapnap pushed, "Seriously? You sure did wanted to talk about it all night long-"

"Sapnap-"

"Oh Sapnap~ What if he doesn't feel the same way~? I just love him soooooo much~" Sapnap mocked.

Dreams face was heating up, "Shut up Sap-"

"I love George with all my heart~! I looooooove him-!"

"Sapnap be quiet!"

The Texan gave Dream a glare, "Well then tell him so I won't have to make a big deal out of it."

"I'm working up to it ok?"

Sapnap just gave him another look, making Dream squirm under his stare. Suddenly, invisible arms snaked around Dream's waist carefully, hugging him from behind. It made Dream smile.

"You're gonna chicken out again," Sapnap sighed, resting his chin on his fist after criss-crossing his legs.

"Listen, when George comes back I'll tell him," Dream murmured.

"Promise?"

Dream felt a soft kiss at the back of his neck, forcing his heart to do a flip.

"Promise."

"Pinky promise?"

Dream couldn't help but chuckle, "Pinky promise."

As the boys exchanged pinky swears, the same hands that hugged around Dream's waist crept lower... and lower...

Dream pulled his pinky back instantly, "W-well get outta here before, uh.. Before George comes back."

"Can I watch?"

"Wha-what? No!"

Sapnap giggled as he got up, "I'll be back at the house, don't break your promise, idiot."

Dream watched Sapnap walk further and further away until he couldn't see him anymore, before letting out a sighing of relief.

"I didn't know you love me sooooo much Dream~" George teased.

Dream groaned as his face heats up once again, "Yeah, yeah. Let's go home before it gets dark."

George hummed, "You sure you don't wanna finish what we started?" Hands groped Dream's lower area, making him tense up.

"Maybe we could stay a little longer."

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